

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Loue: his affections doe not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lackt forme a little,
Was not like madnes; there's something in his soule
Ore which his melancholy sits on brood,
And I doe doubt, the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger; which for to preuent,
I haue in quick determination
Thus set downe: he shall with speed to England,
For the demaund of our neglected tribute,
Haply the seas, and countries different,
With variable obiects, shall expell
This something fetled matter in his hart,
Whereon his braines still beating
Puts him thus from fashion of himselfe.
What thinke you on't?

Pol. It shall doe well.

But yet doe I beleue the origen and comencement of it
Sprung from neglected loue: how now *Ophelia*?
You neede not tell vs what *Lord Hamlet* said,
We heard it all; my Lord, doe as you please,
But if you hold it fit, after the play.
Let his *Queene-mother* all alone intreate him
To show his griefe, let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd (so please you) in the care
Of all their conference: if she find him not,
To England send him: or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall thinke.

King. It shall be so,
Madnes in great ones must not vnmatcht goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the speech I pray you as I pronounc'd it to you, trip-
pingly on the tongue, but if you moueth it as many of our Players do,
I had as liue the towne cryer spoke my lines, nor doe not saw the aire
too much with your hand thus, but vse all gently, for in the very tor-
rent tempest, and as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must
acquire and beget a temperance, that may giue it smoothnesse, Or it
offends me to the soule, to heare a robustious perwig-pated fellow
tere

Prince of Denmarke.

tere a passion to totters, to very rags, to spleet the eares of the ground
lings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable
dumbe shewes, and noyle: I would haue such a fellow whipt for ore-
doeing Termagant, it out Herods Herod, pray you auoyde it.

Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your owne discretion bee
your tutor, sute the action to the word, the word to the action, with
this speciall obseruance, that you ore-steppe not the modesty of na-
ture: For any thing so ore-doone, is from the purpose of playing,
whose end both at the first, and now, was and is, to hold as twere
the Mirrour vp to nature, to shew vertue her feature; (scorne her own
Image, and the very age and body of the time his forme and pressure.
Now this ouer-done, or come trady off, though it makes the vnskil-
full laugh, cannot but make the iudicious grieue, the censure of
which one, must in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of o-
thers. O there bee Players that I haue seene play, and heard others
prayd, and that highly, not to speake it prophanely, that neither ha-
uing th'accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, nor
man, haue so strutted and bellowed, that I haue thought some of Na-
tures Iournemen had made men, and not made them well, they imita-
ted humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs.

Ha. O reforme it altogether, and let those that play your clownes
speake no more then is set downe for them, for there be of them that
will themselues laugh, to set on some quantity of barraine spectators
to laugh to, though in the meane time, some necessary question of
the play be then to be considered: that's villanous, and shewes a most
pittifull ambition in the foole that vses it: goe make you ready. How
now my Lord, will the King heare this peece of worke?

Enter Polonius, Gyldesterne, and Rosencraus.

Pol. And the *Queene* to, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Plaiers make hast. Wil you two help to hasten them.

Ros. I my Lord *Exeunt those two.*

Ham. What how, *Horatio.* *Enter Horatio.*

Hora. Heere sweete Lord, at your seruice.

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art een as iust a man
As ere my conuersation copt withall.

Hora. O my deere Lord.

Ham Nay